

T H E

CONSTANT SWAIN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

Steer HER up, and ha'd HER gawp.

A FRIENDLY ADVICE.

A JORUM OF THIS.

BLIND CUPID.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.



G L A S G O W,

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THE CONSTANT SWAIN.

WHERE is my constant jewel,
my joy and heart's delight?
Why does she prove so cruel,
as to forsake me quite?

I might have had much treasure,
had I forsook her charms,
I lov'd her out of measure,
I wish'd her in my arms.

How oft have I beheld her,
the charming beauty bright,
Her charms were so delighting,
she ravish'd my sight.

Each morning that I view'd her,
her cheeks were lovely red,
With pleasure I review'd her,
as she lay on her bed.

She's tall and she is slender,
and every way complete,
She is handsome for to follow,
and clever for to meet.

Her lips are red as rubies,
her eyes are black as shoes,
Her charms are so delighting,
she wounds where'er she goes.

So fare you well sweet Nancy,
 since you so cruel prove,
 I'll try for to forget you
 and all the pains of love.

Although you are so cruel,
 you have stole my heart away,
 No other girl I'll marry
 until my dying day.

She bearing of his mourning,
 she turn'd to him again,
 And said, My dearest Jaquie,
 I'll ease you of your pain.

Because you've been so loyal,
 I'll prove your loving wife,
 And constant I will be to you,
 all the days of your life.

THE WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

COME, come my dear Bet,
 The sun is just set,
 All nature looks smiling you see,
 At White Conduit House,
 Each sweetheart and spouse,
 Are now drinking coffee and tea, Are, &c.
 The pleasure so sweet,
 This charming retreat,
 Disburdens their minds from all care,
 The prospect so clear,
 Will please you my dear,
 Then straight to the place let's repair. &c.

The garden my love,
 If thou wilt approve,
 I there can my passion reveal,
 How pleasing 'twould be,
 My angel to me?
 If love you no longer conceal. If, &c.

There's music to charm,
 Thy bosom 'twill warm,
 The ideas of love to possess,
 Then Betsy comply,
 And do not deny,
 This instant your Tommy to biefs. &c.

Ye lovers draw near,
 My story pray hear,
 'Twill make you in love with the sex,
 I whisper'd my mind,
 And Betty was kind,
 No longer she strives to perplex. No, &c.

The ev'ning draws on,
 And we must be gone,
 Each heart now with pleasure o'erflows,
 The maxim will shew,
 The passion that's true.
 If repulsed the stronger it grows. If, &c.

STEER HER up, and ha'd HER gaw'n,
 O steer her up, and ha'd her gawn,
 her nicher's at the mill, jo;
 But gin the wina tak a man,
 e'en let her tak her will, jo.

Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
 cast thy cares of love away ;
 Let our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'tis dassin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,
 how invitingly it looks ;
 'Tak it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
 pox on fighting, trade, and books.

Let's hae mair pleasure while we're able,
 bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Plac't on the middle of the table,
 and let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
 fou, as ever it can hold :
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'tis mair precious far than gold.

By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
 drinking better is than love.

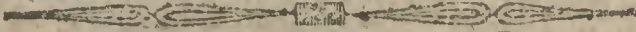
A FRIENDLY ADVICE.

MORTALS, wisely learn to measure
 Life, by the extent of joy ;
 Life's a short and fleeting pleasure :
 Then be gay, while you may,
 And your hours in mirth employ.

Never let a millreil pain you,
 Tho' she meets you with a frown;
 Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
 Cheer thy heart, and all smart
 In a sweet oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flames should seize you,
 To some gentle maid repair;
 She'll with soft endearments ease you;
 On her breast lull'd to rest,
 Was'd of love, and free from care.

Friendship, love, and wine united,
 From all ills defend the mind;
 By them guarded and delighted;
 Happy state, smile at fate,
 And give sorrows to the wind.



A JORUM OF THIS.

YE tippling souls, as ye pass by,
 Step in and taste, I know you're dry,
 And when you've done, don't take't amiss,
 To pawn your shirt for a jug of this,

Now gentlemen before you call,
 I can neither write on board nor wall,
 For the meaning of my song is this,
 I can't trust you a quart of this.

It's you that have got half a crown,
 Are kindly welcome to sit down,
 And if you have got your money flush,
 You may praise your noise o'er a jug of this.

You gods that sees a future state,
 Some other beasts may have their fate;
 May the gods transform me to a fin,
 That I might swim in a jug of this.

Was I cast on some distant shore,
 Where do the foaming billows roar,
 For my desire would be in this,
 To a lovely lass and a jug of this.

Yet was I sick, both pale and wan,
 And scarcely able for to stand,
 All my own cure could be in this,
 A lovely lass and a jug of this.

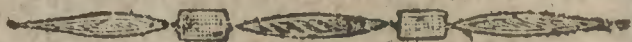
When I am dead and laid in my grave,
 No corse-like-tomb-stone let me have:
 Give me my desire and crown my wish,
 Drink o'er my grave a hog-head of this.

B L I N D C U P I D :

BLIND Cupid for ever,
 I defy thy bold quiver:
 Neither do I regard thy lordly bow,
 Nor arrow shall prick me,
 Nor woman outwit me,
 I am free from all sorrow and woe.
 If Jenny had been loyal,
 I had ne'er stood the trial,
 Of any girl but her in life,
 I oftentimes told her,
 Which made her the bolder,
 'Twas on purpose to make her my wife.

But the jade being wanton,
 She must needs play the whore,
 So eagerly that was her fame,
 Then I solemnly swore,
 I would love her no more,
 But laugh at her folly and shame.

But blest be the hour,
 That first gave her power,
 Of Cupid, that little blind boy,
 Though I cannot deny,
 Sometimes by the bye,
 All the pleasures of love I enjoy'd.



ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

WHEN the shepherd seeks to woo,
 Mind them lest they faithless prove,
 But if once you find them true,
 fear not to reward their love.

Let not beauty make you vain,
 men of worth deserves your care ;
 Never give a lover pain
 if you find his heart sincere.

Love, the source of every joy,
 ask whatever we can give,
 Love should every hour employ,
 'tis for love alone we live.

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